WYATT EARP™
VS. The Cisco Kid
MOONSTONE™
$3.99
CHUCK DIXON · ENRIQUE VILLAGRAN

WYATT EARP™ VS. The Cisco Kid

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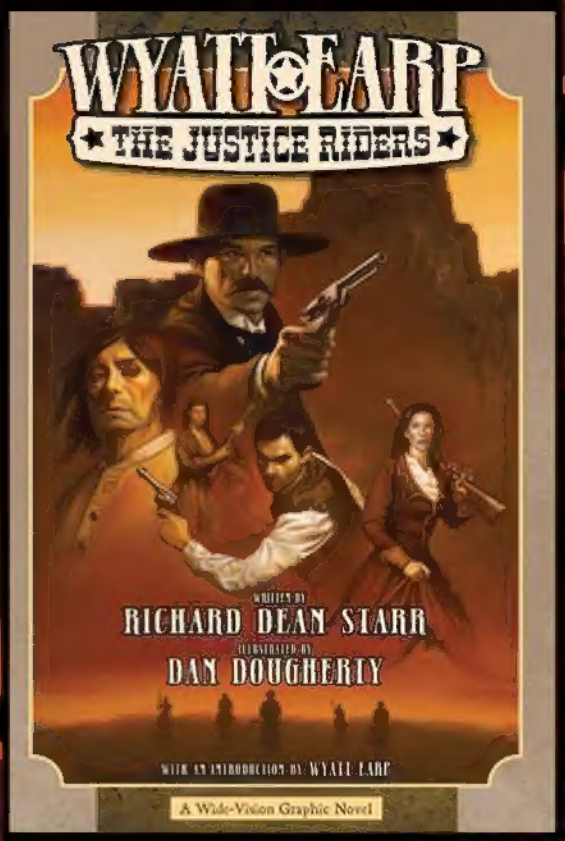


the WILD WEST returns!

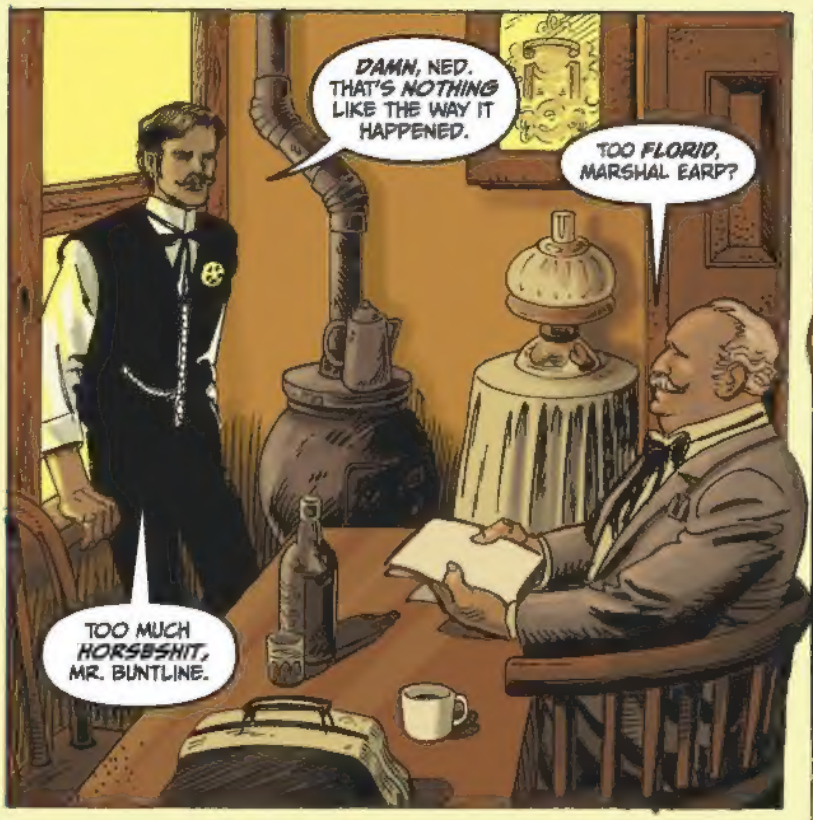
"Wyatt Earp: Justice Riders"
western heroes team up
wide vision graphic novel!
(Wyatt, Cisco Kid, Geronimo, Annie Oakley, & Belle Starr!)
"A top notch western tale!"-
Ed Gorman (Dean Koontz's Frankenstein)

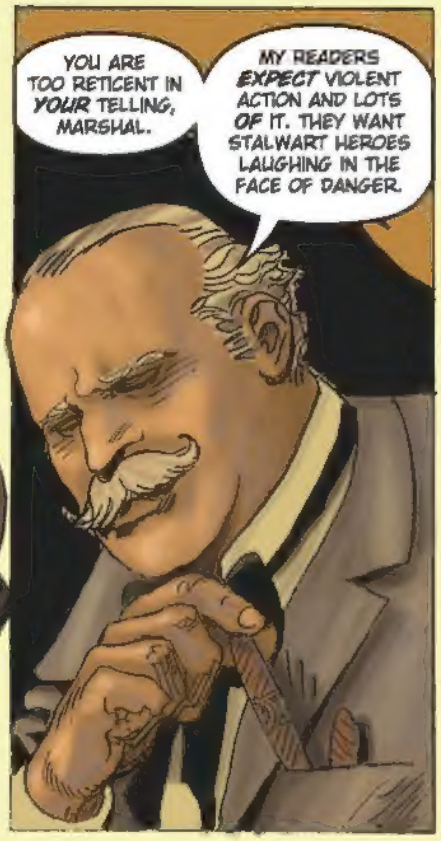
Wyatt Earp vs Cisco Kid
Cisco Kid vs Wyatt Earp
2 books, one story,
two points of view.
Who's right?
Chuck Dixon, EricJ, Len Kody

BLOODBATH AT ROBBERS ROOST

CHAPTER FOUR

Two frontier legends stood back-to-back in the canyon as the outlaws closed in from all sides. Unafraid and undaunted, Wyatt Earp and the Cisco Kid traded fire with the gang of rustlers and blackguards that surrounded them until the sun was blotted from view by a pall of rising gunsmoke. The rocky walls echoed with the cowardly shrieks of the wounded and dying lawbreakers who fell to the hot lead flying from the heroes' blazing pistols.





SOUNDS LIKE YOUR READERS WANT TO READ THE EXPLOITS OF MADMEN.

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU HOW I MET UP WITH THE CISCO KID. IT'S GOT ENOUGH BLOODSHED EVEN FOR YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

"IT BEGAN WITH THE MURDER OF TOMBSTONE MARSHAL, FRED WHITE."

"SO MANY THINGS GOT THEIR START THAT NIGHT."

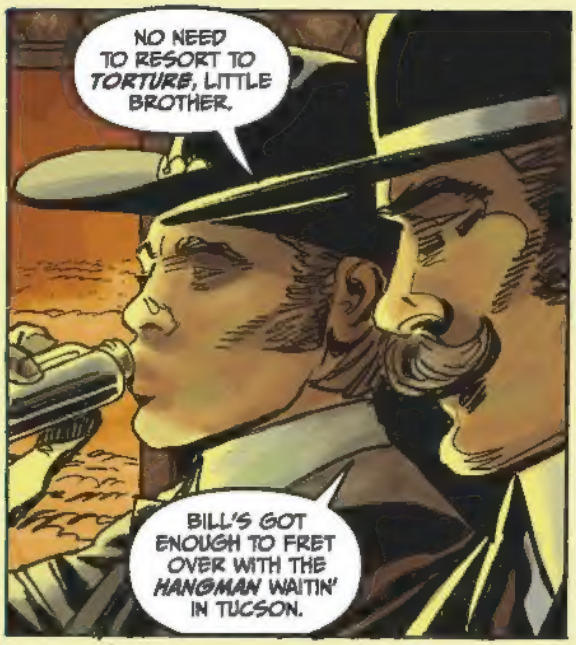
"WILLIAM BROCIOUS STOOD APOLOGIZING WITH A WHEELGUN SMOKING IN HIS FIST."
"HIS SNORTS OF CONTAINED LAUGHTER MADE A LIE OF HIS CONTRITION."
SODA W
SALO
" I DELIVERED THE FIRST PORTION OF JUSTICE MYSELF."
" A LYNCH MOB GATHERED LIKE CALVES TO THE TEAT AND I KNEW I'D HAVE TO GET CURLY BILL OUT OF TOMBSTONE."

"THE REST WOULD BE PLAYED OUT ON THE ROAD TO TUCSON."
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA GET A JUDGE TO CONVICT ME, EARP.

THAT SHOOTIN' WAS AN ACCIDENT. I NEVER MEANT OL' FRED NO HARM.

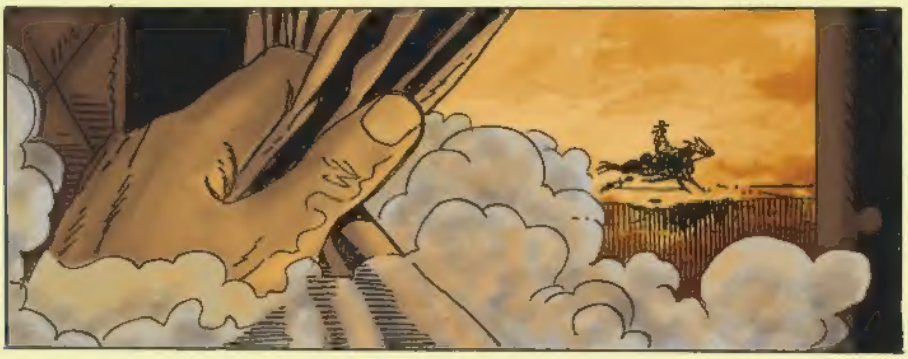
SAY, THIS IS A THIRSTY TRIP.
COULD I CUT THE DUST WITH A TASTE?

WHY NOT, CURLY BILL?
CAN'T REACH IT IN THESE CUFFS, MORGAN.
AIN'T THAT TOO BAD?


NO NEED TO RESORT TO *TORTURE*, LITTLE BROTHER.
BILL'S GOT ENOUGH TO FRET OVER WITH THE *HANGMAN* WAITIN' IN TUCSON.

I KEEP TELLING YOU, I *AIN'T* SWINGING FOR THIS, EARP.
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER I'M *WALKIN'*.

THAT HAND'S YET TO BE DEALT.



"LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, OUR STAGE ROLLED INTO SAGUARO STATION TO CHANGE TEAMS."

STRETCH YOUR LEGS, BILL.

MIGHTY *KIND* OF YOU, EARP.

KINDNESS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

I JUST WANT YOU IN *POINTBLANK* RANGE OF ME.

WYATT, THEM *HORSES* IN THE REMUDA--

YOU AND RUFUS GET THE NEW TEAM *HITCHED*, JACK. THEN COME INSIDE FOR A STEAK.

WHAT'S JACK *SAYIN'*, WYATT?

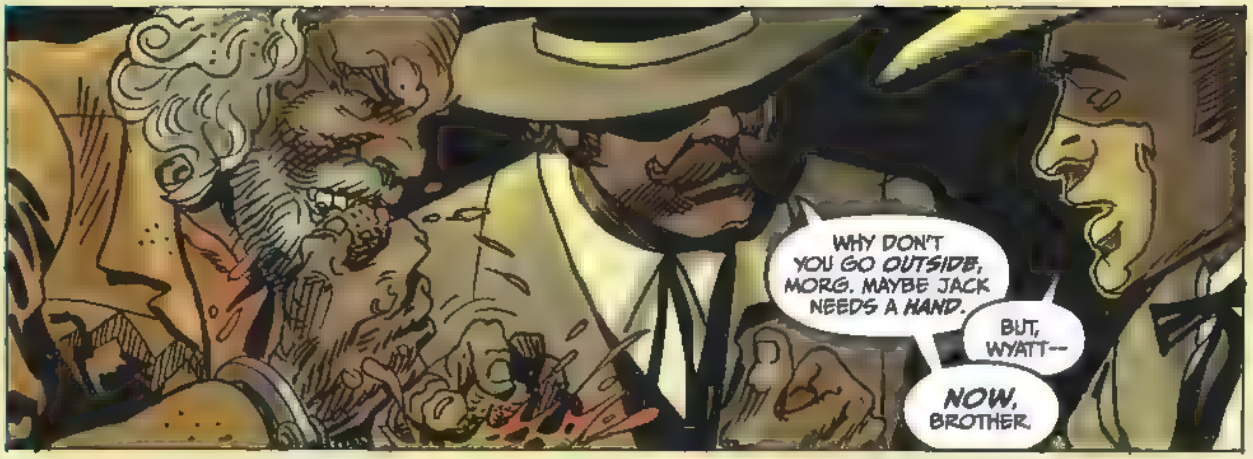
I MEAN IT. WHAT ABOUT THEM HORSES?
KEEP YOUR OWN COUNCIL FOR NOW, MORG.

I GOTTA CHIT FROM PIMA COUNTY FOR A MEAL FOR MY PRISONER.
GOT SOME BEAN SOUP AND FRITTERS.
THAT'LL DO.

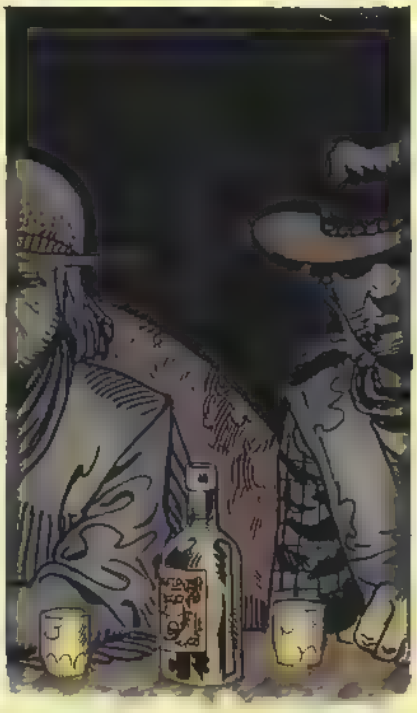
WHERE'S CLETUS STRONG? THOUGHT HE WAS STATION MASTER HERE.
I DON'T KNOW, MARSHAL. THEY SENT ME TO RUN THE PLACE.

HMMM...

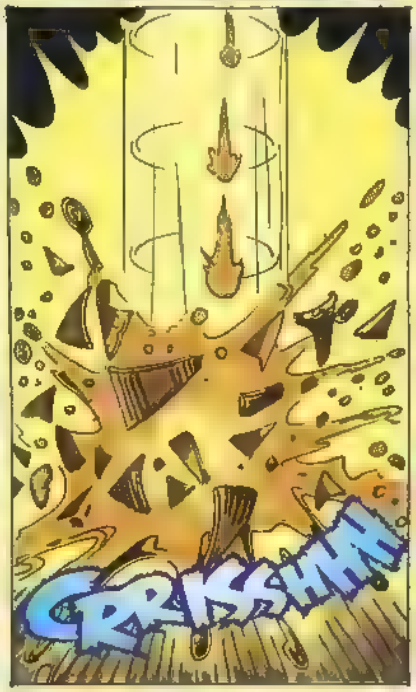
WHAT'RE YOU DRINKIN', AMIGO? I'LL STAND YOU A BOURBON.
ONLY WATER FROM THE SPRING. I LIKE A CLEAR HEAD.
BEST WAY TO KEEP IT ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

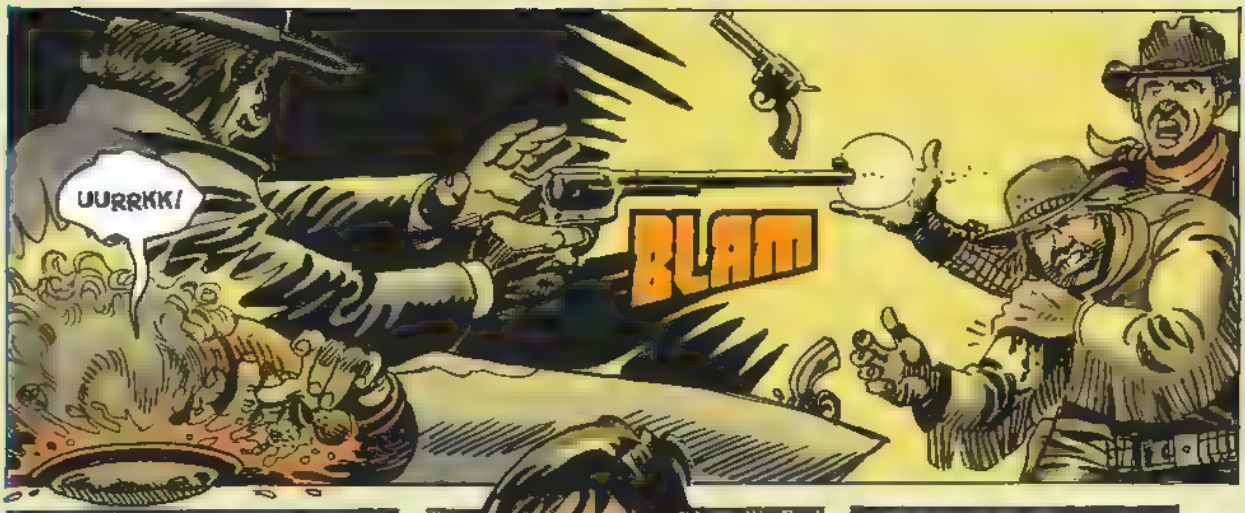

WHY DON'T YOU GO OUTSIDE, MORG. MAYBE JACK NEEDS A HAND.
BUT, WYATT--
NOW, BROTHER.

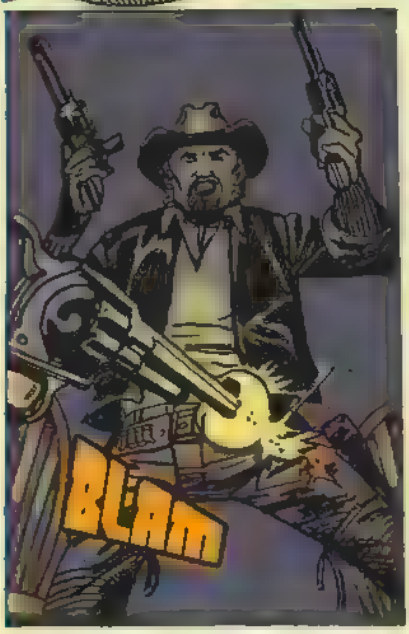
DAMN WYATT--
KEEPIN' ME IN THE DARK...



MM.


CRRKSSHHH!


UURRKK!
BLAM


BLAM

BLAM

THAT WASN'T CALLED FOR, TEXAS!
AFRAID IT WAS, MARSHAL.

FAIR ENOUGH.

YOU HAVE A NAME, AMIGO?
MY MOTHER GAVE ME A NAME.
BUT YOU WOULD KNOW ME BETTER AS THE CISCO KID.
I'VE HEARD OF YOU. YOU'RE WANTED IN TEXAS.
BUT WE'RE NOT IN TEXAS, ARE WE?
WHAT BRINGS YOU TO ARIZONA?
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.
I THINK I'LL FIND HIM VERY SOON.
AND WHEN YOU DO, THAT POOR SON-OF-A-BITCH IS A DEAD MAN, RIGHT?
IT'S IN GOD'S HANDS.
KILLIN'S NOT ALWAYS THE ANSWER.
IF YOU DON'T MIND SOME ADVICE, MARSHAL--
--YOUR PROBLEMS COME FROM LETTING TOO MANY MEN LIVE.

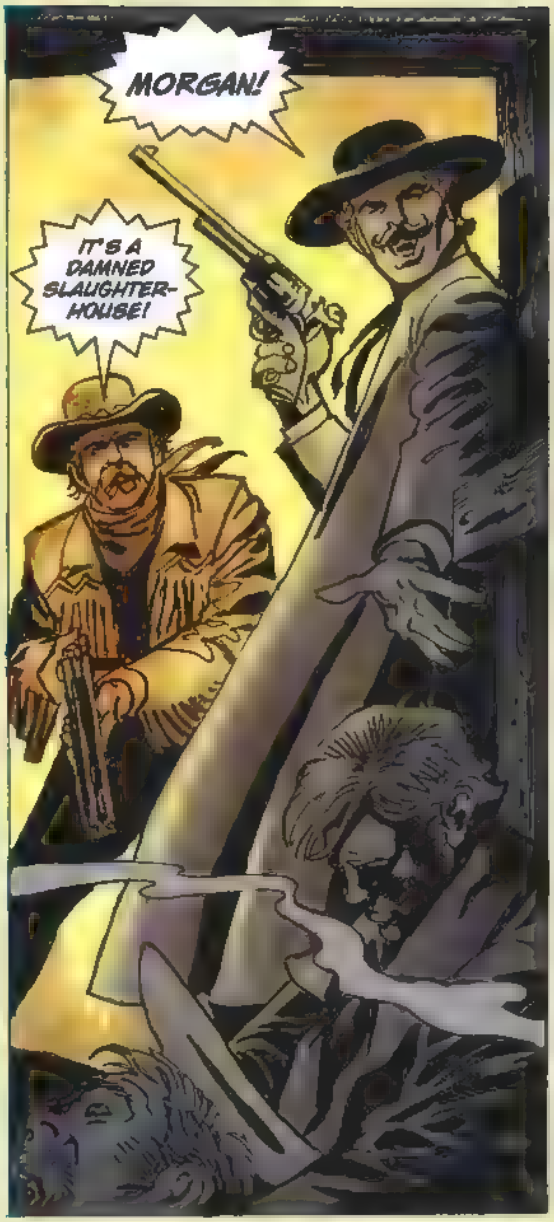
WYATT, YOU NEED TO SEE THIS.

I'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY, MORG.
KEEP AN EYE ON THESE TWO. WE'LL TAKE 'EM ON TO TUCSON WITH US.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, WYATT.

OLD CLETUS AND HIS WIFE...

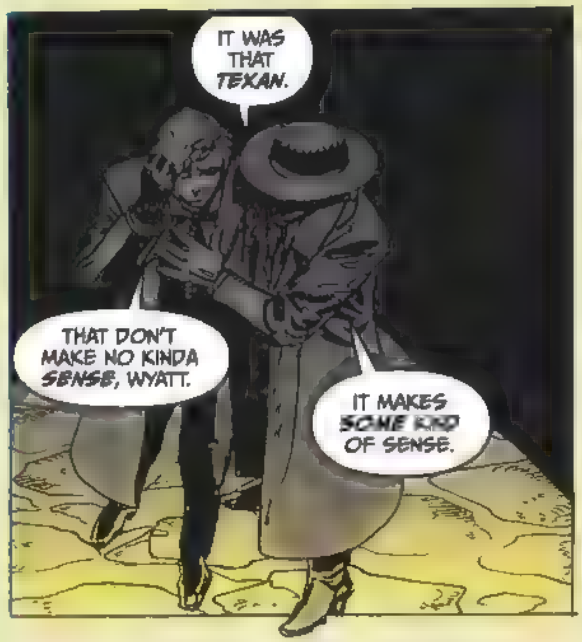
GUESS STRONG WASN'T GOIN' ALONG WITH BROCIOUS' PALS.
...BUTCHERED LIKE STEERS.
BASTARDS. I'LL SEE THAT-
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

THAT'S BACK AT THE STATION!
DAMN...


MORGAN!
IT'S A DAMNED SLAUGHTER-HOUSE!

THAT TEXICAN IS TAKIN' OFF WITH CURLY BILL!
WE BEEN SKUNKED, WYATT!

YOU SHOT, MORG?
DON'T THINK SO. MY HEAD FEELS LIKE IT WANTS TO FALL OFF THOUGH.


IT WAS THAT TEXAN.
THAT DON'T MAKE NO KINDA SENSE, WYATT.
IT MAKES SOME KIND OF SENSE.

TELL BUFORD TO TAKE THE COACH BACK TO TOMBSTONE, JACK.
WE'LL PURSUE THE TEXAN AND CURLY BILL ON HORSEBACK.

WHY WOULD THE KID KILL BROCIOUS' BOYS, THEN HELP HIM ESCAPE?
THAT'S SOMETHING I INTEND TO ASK HIM WHEN WE CATCH UP.
ONE MORE THING, BIG BROTHER-
YOU KNEW THOSE COWBOYS WERE LAYIN' FOR US BEFORE WE EVEN STEPPED INSIDE THE STATION.
THE HORSES IN THE REMUDA. I COULD TELL SOME WERE SADDLEWORN.
SOMEONE PUT 'EM IN WITH THE DRAFT HORSES SO WE WOULDN'T KNOW FOUR MEN RODE IN.
AND THE BARTENDER'S HANDS. ROUGH LIKE A COWBOY'S... NOT SOFT FROM BEING IN SOAPY WATER ALL DAY.
I'D NEVER'VE NOTICED SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT.
YOU'LL HAVE TO START NOTICIN' IF YOU PLAN TO DIE IN BED, MORGAN.

"WITH FRESH HORSES AND SADDLES BORROWED FROM THE DEAD GUNMEN--"

"--MORGAN AND TURKEY CREEK JOHNSON AND ME RODE AFTER CISCO AND BROCIOUS."

YOU ABLE TO READ THEIR *SIGN*, JACK?

YEAH-- AND THAT'S WHAT *TROUBLES* ME.

HOW SO?

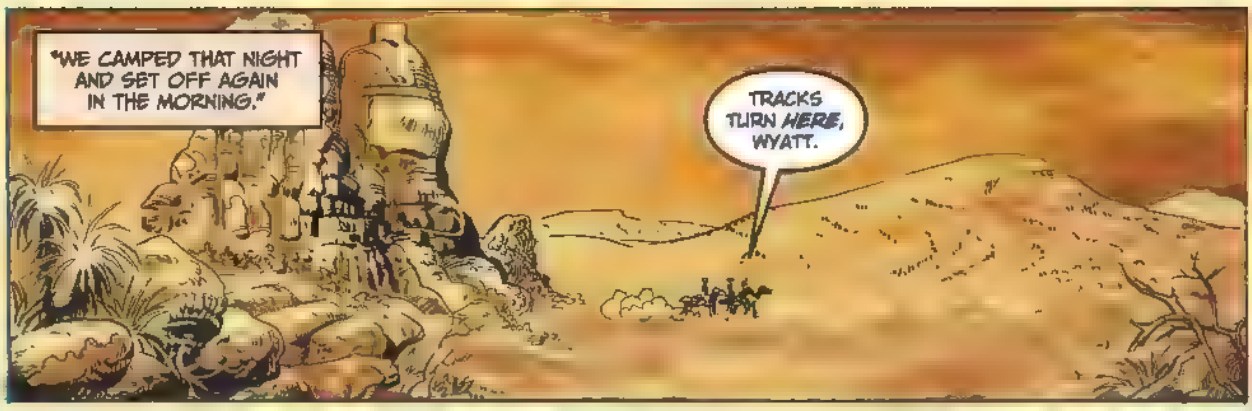
THAT TEXICAN SHOULD'A TAKEN THAT RIDGE THERE... IT'S ALL ROCKS AND SHALE.

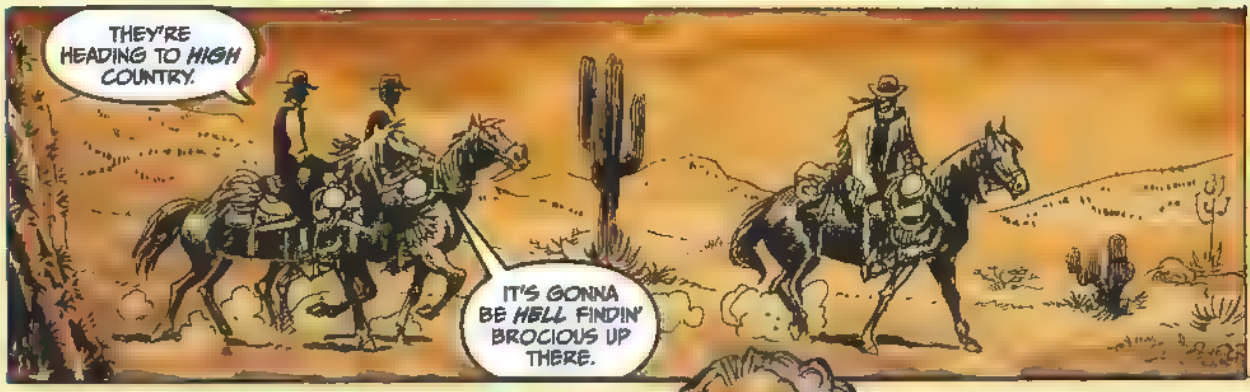
STEAD HE'S RIDING THIS GULLY OVER SAND. LEAVIN' A TRAIL A BLIND *DOG* COULD FOLLA.

SOUNDS LIKA A DAMN *TRAP*, YOU WERE TO ASK ME.

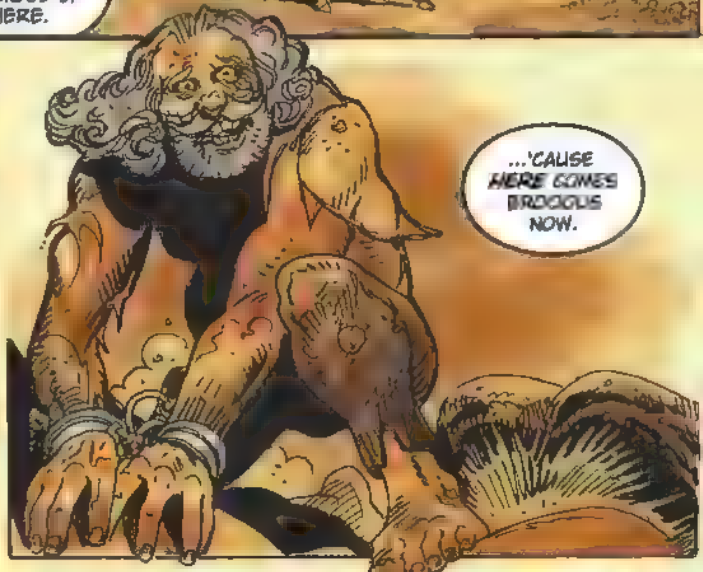
NO *CALL* FOR THAT. HE COULD *LOSE* US A HUNDRED WAYS FROM *SUNDAY* ON THIS ROUGH GROUND.

AND IF THE KID WANTED US DEAD HE'D OF KILLED YOU WITH THE OTHERS BACK THERE, MORG.


"WE CAMPED THAT NIGHT AND SET OFF AGAIN IN THE MORNING."
TRACKS TURN HERE, WYATT.


THEY'RE HEADING TO HIGH COUNTRY.
IT'S GONNA BE HELL FINDIN' BROCIOUS UP THERE.

NOT AS HARD AS ALL THAT.
YOU HAVE CALL FOR THAT SUNNY OPINION, JACK?
I DO, WYATT...


...'CAUSE HERE COMES BROCIOUS NOW.

UNNHH!

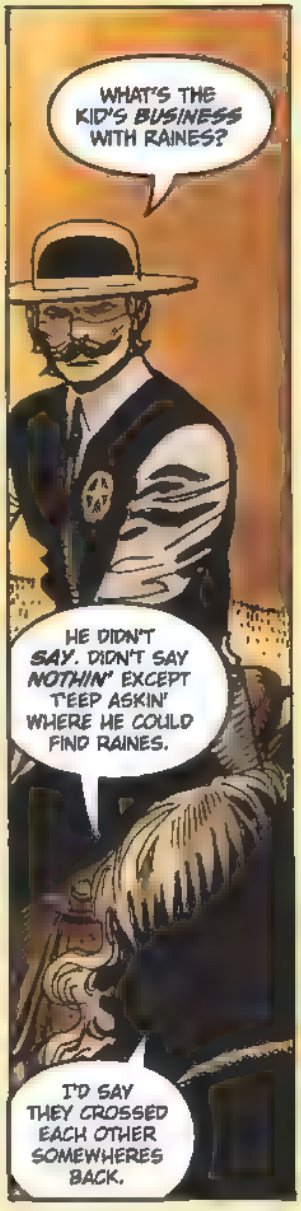
YOUR NEW FRIEND LEAVE YOU SHOELESS, BILL?
YOU BEEN HARD USED.

WHAT DID CISCO WANT WITH YOU, BROCIOUS?
HE ASKED ABOUT SOME FELLERS I KNOW.
WHAT FELLERS?
HE HAD TO BEAT ME TO GET WHAT I KNEW.

I AIN'T LAYIN' A HAND ON YOU. I'LL LET YOU BE.
LET YOU BE 'TIL THE BUZZARDS HAVE LICKED YOU CLEAN.
HEY!

LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE? IT'S YOUR SWORN DUTY T'TAKE ME INTO TUCSON!
SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU RAN, BILL.

CISCO WANTED ME T'LEAD HIM INTO DALTRY- IT'S A MININ' CAMP.
I USED T'RIDE WITH TYSON RAINES. HE'S BOSS OF DALTRY NOW.


WHAT'S THE KID'S BUSINESS WITH RAINES?
HE DIDN'T SAY. DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN' EXCEPT T'EEP ASKIN' WHERE HE COULD FIND RAINES.
I'D SAY THEY CROSSED EACH OTHER SOMEWHERES BACK.

YOU KNOW WHERE DALTRY IS, JACK?
I CAN FIND IT.
YOU GOIN' THERE, EARP? WHY IN HELL WOULD YOU?

THE KID MURDERED TWO MEN IN MY CUSTODY. HE'S LIKELY TO KILL MORE
I DON'T WEAR THIS BADGE FOR SHOW.

WHAT IF CISCO KILLS YOU?
YOU BETTER PRAY HE DON'T.

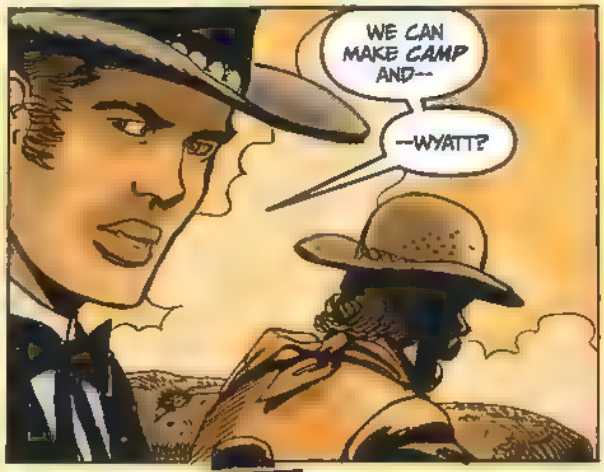
FIND YOURSELF SOME SHADE, BILL.
WE'LL BE BACK FOR YOU.

DROP THE HAMMER ON THAT SON-OF-A-BITCH, EARP.
TREATED ME LIKE A DOG.

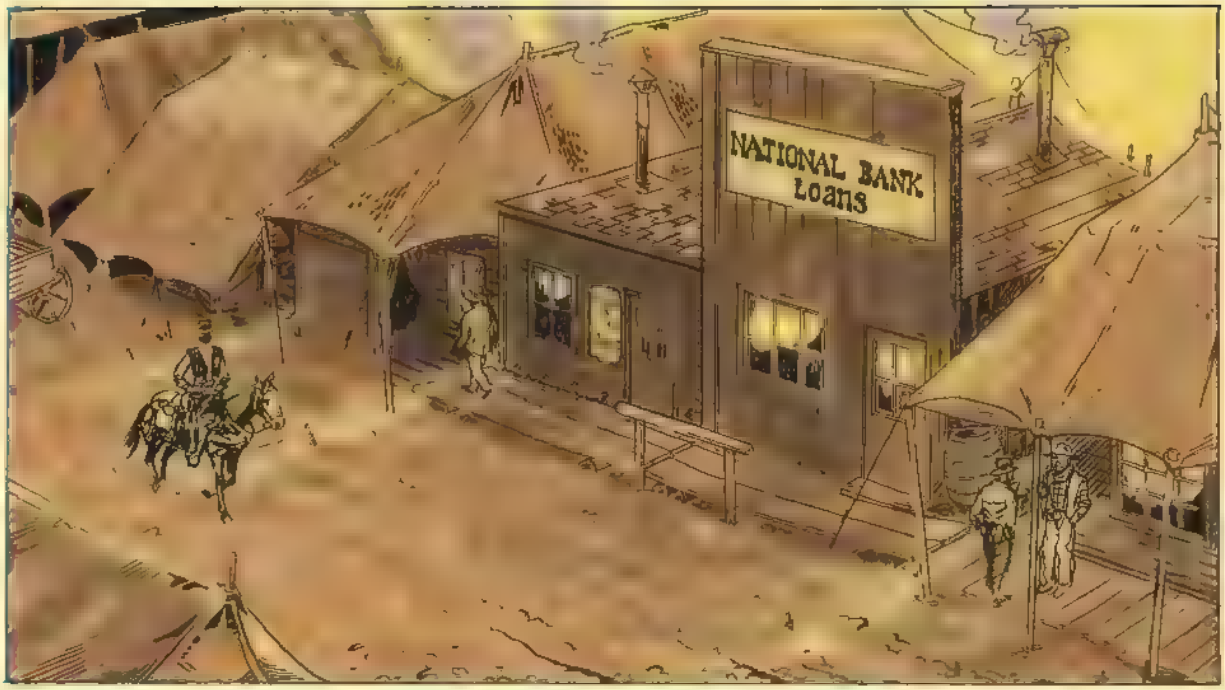
WHY ARE WE DOIN' THIS, WYATT?
CISCO GUNNED TWO SKUNKS WHO HAD IT COMIN'.
IF THIS RAINES WAS A COMPADRE OF CURLY BILL'S, CHANCES ARE HE NEEDS KILLIN' TOO.
THE KID MADE FOOLS OF US.
THAT WORTH TAKIN' A BULLET? MY PRIDE'LL HEAL, BROTHER.
WE'RE THE LAW, MORG. HE MADE A JOKE OF THE LAW...
...AND I WON'T STAND FOR THAT.

MINE CAMPS. I HATE 'EM.
THAT IS ONE DESPERATE COLLECTION OF WICKI-UPS.
HAS TO BE DALTRY.

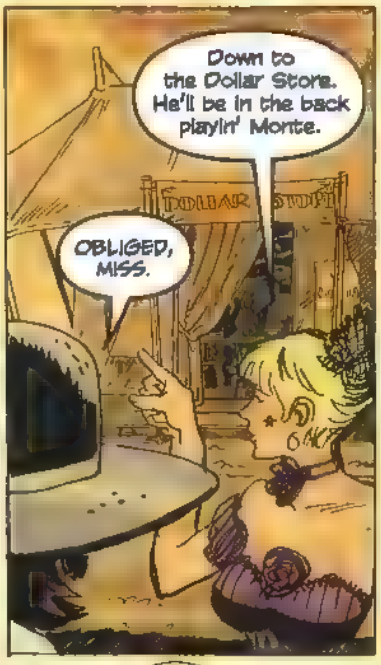
WHAT D'YOU SAY, WYATT? WE LAY UP HERE 'TIL DAWN AND RIDE DOWN?
NOT WISE T'GO DOWN THERE IN THE DARK. THEY'RE AS LIKE TO SHOOT AT A BADGE AS AN APACHE.


WE CAN MAKE CAMP AND--
--WYATT?

WYATT!


NATIONAL BANK
Loans

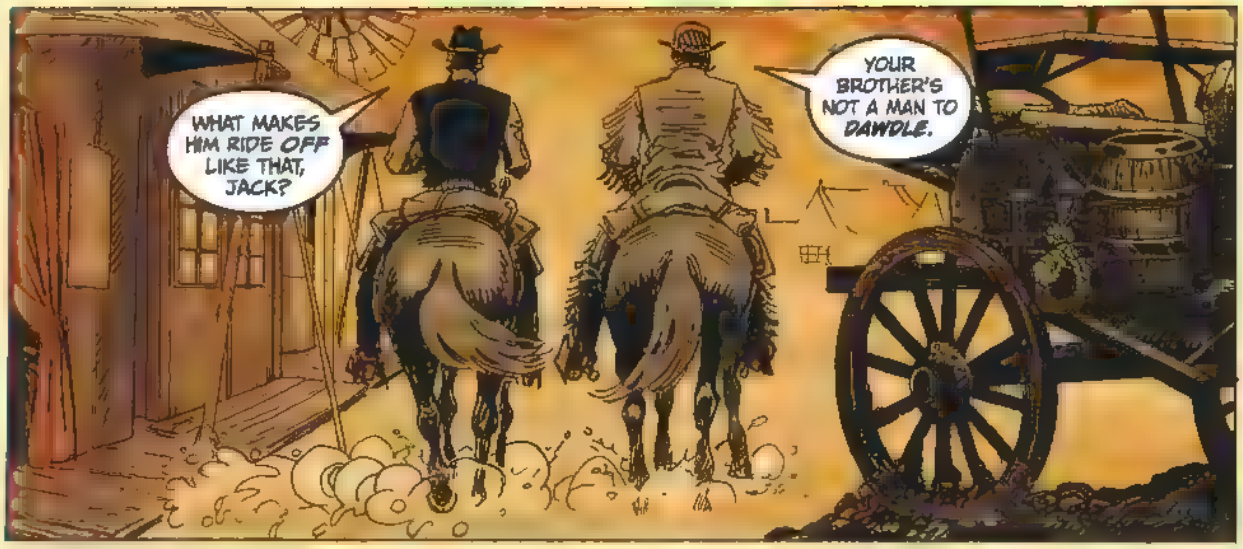
You're no *miner*.
I'M *NOT*, MISS.
What's your *business* in Daltry?
I'M LOOKING FOR BOSS *RAINES*.


Down to the Dollar Store. He'll be in the back playin' Monte.
OBLIGED, MISS.

That *all* a lady's time is worth?

A *LADY*, YES.
BUT TWO BITS IS ENOUGH FOR A MOMENT OF A *WORKING* GIRL'S EVENING.

I'M LOOKING FOR TYSON RAINES.
I'M RAINES.
WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS WITH ME?
I RODE HERE FROM TOMBSTONE.
MY NAME IS WYATT EARP.
--THE HELL?


WHAT MAKES HIM RIDE OFF LIKE THAT, JACK?
YOUR BROTHER'S NOT A MAN TO DAWDLE.

SO HOW WE SUPPOSED TO FIND HIM IN THIS SHITHOLE?
I'M PREPARED TO MAKE AN EDUCATED GUESS, MORGAN.

I'D SAY THIS IS A LIKELY PLACE TO START INQUIRIN'.

HERE'S RAINES.
TRYIN' TO EXPLAIN TO THIS DAMN FOOL I'M LOOKIN' TO SAVE HIS HIDE.

NOW WHY'S THIS CISCO BIRD DOGGING YOU?
HOW THE HELL AM I S'POSED T'KNOW?
YOU DID SOMETHING TO RILE HIM.
I'M TO KEEP ACCOUNT OF EVER'ONE I EVER WRONGED?
WHAT KIND OF FOOL DOES THAT?
A FOOL WHO WANTS TO STAY ALIVE.
DAMN!

YOU JUDAS!
YOU'RE A STALKING HORSE FOR THAT CRAZY TEXAN!
YOU GOT IT WRONG, RAINES.

BOYS! THIS LAWMAN'S BROUGHT AN ASSASSIN TO DALTRY!
YOU GONNA JUST LET THAT HAPPEN?

BROTHER, THIS AIN'T NONE OF OUR AFFAIR.
THESE FELLAS DON'T SEE IT THAT WAY.

WELL, WE'RE HERE NOW.
MIGHT AS WELL SEE IT THROUGH.

THERE'S ONLY THREE OF 'EM!
One a'you geldings gonna DO something?!

BLAM
BLAM
BOOM
BLAM
UURRKK!
UHHGH!
RAINES!

WYATT! THEY BASTARDS ARE FIRING FROM COVER!
WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS FIRELIGHT!
TRY AND SAVE A MAN'S LIFE AND...

YOU BOYS FORT UP. I'LL BE BACK!
BUT, WYATT--!

ROW

THWAP

STAY DOWN, YOU IGNORANT JACKASS.

MIGHT AS WELL SHOW YOURSELF, KID.

EVENIN', LAWMAN.

I ALREADY GOT MY PIECE DRAWN, TEXAS.
YOU THINK YOU'RE FAST ENOUGH TO BEAT THAT?

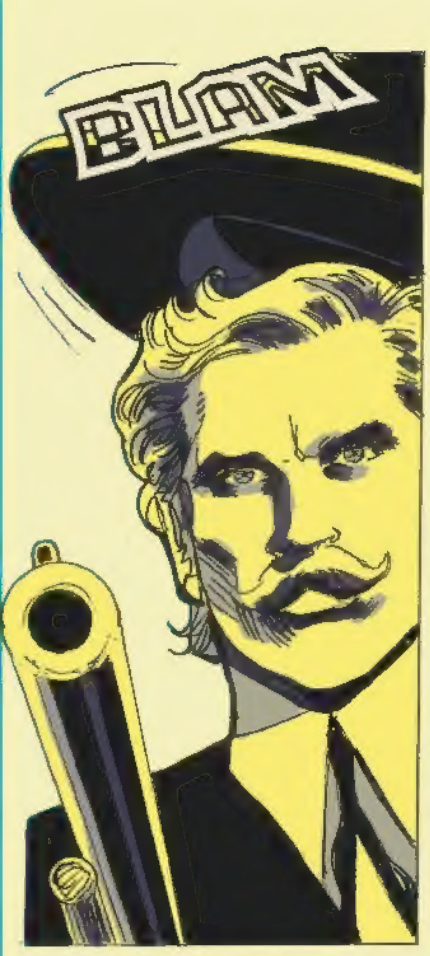
I KNOW I AM, EARP.

WE OUGHTA MOVE, JACK.
WE'RE GONNA GET BOXED IN HERE.
I HEAR YOU, MORGAN.

WHAT IS IT DOC CALLS RUNNIN' AWAY?
THE BETTER PART OF VALOR, RIGHT?

WHAT'S HE CALL THIS, JACK?
NOTHIN' A GOD-FEARIN' MAN WOULD REPEAT.

IF YOU INSIST WE DO THIS, LAWMAN--


BLAM

CARE TO SEE THAT AGAIN?

I DON'T WANT TO KILL, YOU, CISCO.

THAT'S NOT THE QUESTION, EARP.
QUESTION, IS--

--DO YOU WANT TO DIE FOR HIM?

YOU HAD THIS COMIN'!
TEACH YOU TO RIDE INTA DALTRY!
WE AIN'T ONES T'BE PUSHED!
OF ALL THE DUMB WAYS T'BUY IT.
GET A GOOD LOOK YOU STUPID BASTARDS!
YOU'LL ALL BE ON THE END OF A ROPE BEFORE LONG!
MY BROTHERS'LL SEE TO THAT!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
HUH?!
DAMN!

BACK OFF, YOU CLODS.
'LESS YOU FANCY ENDING THE DAY IN A BOX.

I SEE ANY ONE OF YOU ON OUR BACKTRAIL I'LL COME BACK WITH AN ARMY OF MARSHALS.
AND THIS PIG'S WALLOW WILL BE A MEMORY.

"WE RODE ALONG SOUTH WITH CISCO UNTIL DAWN."
"WE PARTED COMPANY TO HEAD BACK FOR CURLY BILL."
WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE, WYATT?

YOU LET THAT TEXAN GET THE BEST OF YOU?
NO. I LET HIM GET THE WORST OF ME.
AND NEVER ASK ME ABOUT IT AGAIN, LITTLE BROTHER.

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